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EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *BARRY*,

April the 7th, 1709.

At a REPRESENTATION of

LOVE for LOVE:

FOR

The Benefit of Mr. *BETTERTON*

At His leaving the STAGE.

LONDON,

Printed for E. SANGER at the *Poſt-Houſe* at the Middle *Temple-Gate*, and E. CURLL at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*, 1709.

Price 2 *d.*

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At a Repreſentation of *Love for Love*.

S ſome Brave *Knight* who once
with Spear and Shield,
Had ſought Renown in many a
well Fought Field,
No longer now with Sacred Fame inſpir'd
Was to ſome Peaceful Hermitage Retir'd,

There, if by Chance diſaſtrous Tales He hears
Of Matron's Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,
He feels ſoft Pity urge his Gen'rous Breaſt,
And vows once more, to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd;
Buckle'd in *Mail* he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.

So We, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more, our Peaceful Homes *adieu*,
To aid old THOMAS, and to Pleaſure you——
Like Errant Damſels boldly we Engage,
Arm'd as you ſee, for the Defenceleſs Stage;
Time was, when this Good Man no Help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any *She*, ſhould hold his Back,
But now——ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd
By two at once, * he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd;

You

* *Mrs.* Barry *and Mrs.* Bracegirdle.

You ſee, what failing Nature brings Man to,
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of You;
Tho' Old, you find his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel——he's Mettle to the laſt;
If better he perform'd in Days of *Yore*,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r,
What can the Youngeſt of you all do more?

What he has been, tho' preſent Praiſe be Dumb,
Shall haply be a *Theme* in Times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius and of *Rome*——
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old SHAKESPEARE's Ghoſt had Ris'n to do him Right;
With Indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a Worthleſs, Witleſs, Taſtleſs Town,

Griev'd

Griev'd and Repining you had heard him ſay,
Why are the *Muſes* Labours caſt away,
Why did I only write, what only he cou'd Play.
But ſince like Friends to Wit thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the Gen'rous Work compleat,
Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe
Find ſomething for him, more than *bare* Applauſe,
In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a Diſcharge at Laſt;
In Peace, and Eaſe, Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his Conſecrated Buskin * here.

* *Pointing to the Top of the Stage.*

FINIS.

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